THE LADDER

February

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purpose of the

Daughters of BILITIS

A WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROMOTING THE INTEGRATION OF THE HOMOSEXUAL INTO SOCIETY BY:

1. Education of the variant, with particular emphasis on the psychological, physiological and sociological aspects, to enable her to understand herself and make her adjustment to society in all its social, civic and economic implications--this to be accomplished by establishing and maintaining as complete a library as possible of both fiction and non-fiction literature on the sex deviant theme; by sponsoring public discussions on pertinent subjects to be conducted by leading members of the legal, psychiatric, religious and other professions; by advocating a mode of behavior and dress acceptable to society.

2. Education of the public at large through acceptance first of the individual, leading to an eventual breakdown of erroneous taboos and prejudices; through public discussion meetings aforementioned; through dissemination of educational literature on the homosexual theme.

3. Participation in research projects by duly authorized and responsible psychologists, sociologists and other such experts directed towards further knowledge of the homosexual.

4. Investigation of the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual, proposal of changes to provide an equitable handling of cases involving this minority group, and promotion of these changes through due process of law in the state legislatures.

the Ladder

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RENEWAL

A STORY BY JACQUELINE LASON

IT RAINED CONTINUALLY THE FIRST WEEK AT THE SHORE AND I HATED IT WITH EVERY FIBER THAT COULD FEEL. I REGRETTED IMMEASURABLY THE DECISION THAT HAD BROUGHT ME BACK TO THE ISLAND, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING NOW TO BE DONE ABOUT IT. THE SERVANTS WERE ON VACATION, MY MOTHER AND FATHER HAD THE CAR HALFWAY ACROSS THE COUNTRY, AND I HAD TO STAY UNTIL THEIR RETURN AT THE END OF AUGUST.

I HAD DECIDED TO COME BACK BECAUSE I WANTED TO LIVE AGAIN IN THE PAST, BUT THE PAST WOULD HAVE NONE OF ME AND I WAS FORCED TO STAY WHOLLY IN THE RAZOR-EDGED PRESENT. I HAD THOUGHT TO DREAM AGAIN OF RUNNING ON THE BEACH WITH MARIANNE, OUR LOVE SPREAD IN A GOLDEN RING AROUND US. I HAD PLANNED TO LIVE ONCE MORE WITH MARIANNE IN THAT MISTY PARADISE OF THE PAST, WHERE THERE WAS NO MORNING OR EVENING, BUT JUST LOVE'S UNBOUNDED, EVERLASTING TIME. MY MIND WOULD NOT HAVE IT SO. I COULD NOT ESCAPE FROM THE JAGGED TRUTH: I COULD NO LONGER RUN AND MARIANNE WAS NOT HERE. THE TWO WERE FRAGMENTS OF THE SAME MOMENT OF BLIND, CRUSHING FATE.

MARIANNE AND I, EN ROUTE TO THE ISLAND FOR A SECOND YEAR OF GLORIOUS ESCAPE FROM OUR MANY-PEOPLED WORLD, HAD RUN INTO A FOG THAT CUT US OFF COMPLETELY FROM SURROUNDING REALITY. DRIVING DEVILISHLY AS USUAL, AND KNOWING THE ROAD WELL, I PAID LITTLE ATTENTION TO THE DANK PEA-SOUP WE WERE SUDDENLY WRAPPED IN. A HUGE TRAILER TRUCK LOOMED ABRUPTLY ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD AND DOOMED MARIANNE TO INSTANT DEATH FROM A BROKEN NECK. I CAME OUT OF IT PARALYZED FROM THE WAIST DOWN AND WITH ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION OF EVER WALKING AGAIN. MY DISPOSITION, UNDERSTANDABLY, WAS NOT OF THE SUNNIEST EVEN ON MY BEST DAYS, AND THOSE DAYS BECAME FEWER AND FARTHER BETWEEN AS THE INTOLERABLE MONTHS WENT ON.

ON THE ISLAND, A YEAR AFTER MY HAPPINESS HAD BEEN SMASHED, I REMAINED SILENTLY ALOOF FROM THOSE WHO TRIED TO BRING ME COMFORT. I IGNORED THEIR CLUMSY, WELL-MEANING ATTEMPTS TO DRAW ME OUT, THEIR THERAPEUTIC CHATTER ABOUT ISLAND GOSSIP. I KNEW WHAT HAPPENED

WHEREVER I APPEARED. NEW GUESTS WOULD ASK OLD GUESTS, "WHO IS THAT GIRL IN THE WHEELCHAIR? I'VE SEEN HER PICTURE SOMEWHERE; I JUST KNOW I HAVE."

YES, THEY HAD SEEN ME - MY DEBUT AT A BALL, MY NUMEROUS TENNIS MATCHES, MY SKIING, SWIMMING, MOUNTAIN-CLIMEING PROWESS. MY PICTURE WAS ALWAYS IN SOMEONE'S PAPER. WELL, LET THEM FEAST ON THE MEMORIES. THEY'D SEE NONE OF THEM MADE REAL AGAIN. AND THEY'D DO WELL TO LET ME ALONE. I COULD DRAW BLOOD WHEN I WAS ANNOYED, AND I USUALLY WAS IN THOSE DAYS.

BUT HOWEVER REALISTICALLY I SNARLED, THERE WERE STILL SOME WHO DID NOT LEAVE ME ALONE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT DREW THEM - THEY CERTAINLY HAD NO PLEASURE FROM ME. THERE WAS A TALL OLD MAN WHO WOULD SIT AND TALK AND LET ME THROW MY BITTER THOUGHTS AT HIM. NOTHING I SAID OFFENDED HIM IN THE LEAST. HE WOULD LISTEN A WHILE AND WHEN HE FELT LIKE IT, HE WOULD LEAVE. I WAS ALWAYS THE BETTER FOR HAVING SEEN HIM, THOUGH I WOULD NEVER HAVE ADMITTED IT.

THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE, TOO, WHO BEDEVILLED THE LIFE OUT OF ME. I THINK I DISLIKED HER ALMOST MORE THAN ALL THE WELL-MEANING OTHERS WITH THEIR GENTLE PRYING AND CLUCKING. SHE WASN'T GENTLE. SHE TEASED ME WHEN I WANTED TO LUXURIATE IN MY SORROW - SHE WAS VERY SERIOUS WHEN I WAS BEING BRILLIANTLY CUTTING. SHE WAS ABSOLUTELY AS EXASPERATING AS SHE COULD BE. I'D GLADLY HAVE THROTTLED HER IF I COULD HAVE CAUGHT HER. BUT SHE WAS CRUEL. SHE DANCED OUT OF REACH WHENEVER MY ANGER ROSE. SHE SENT THE BLOOD TO MY HEAD IN A RUSH OF FRUSTRATION. SHE FOUND ME WHEN I WANTED TO BE LEFT ALONE. AND WHEN SHE LEFT ME, MY HEART WAS POUNDING WITH UNACCUSTOMED FURY AND RESENTMENT. HOW DARED SHE TREAT ME SO?

THE TROUBLE WAS THAT SHE WAS SO SNEAKY. WHEN SHE ARRIVED AND SAT DOWN NEXT TO MY CHAIR SHE'D BE SO PLEASANT I WAS ALWAYS TAKEN IN. "HI, LEE," SHE'D SAY. "HOW'S TRICKS?" THEN SHE'D CHATTER ON ABOUT THIS AND THAT. BUT JUST LET ME START PARADING MY TALENT FOR SARCASM AND HER MOOD WOULD CHANGE ABRUPTLY. WHATEVER I SAID, SHE'D TAKE THE OPPOSITE TACK AND I WAS SOON AS RILED AS SHE COULD WISH. I COULD SEE THAT SHE ENJOYED BAITING ME.

ONE DAY, ANOTHER RAINY ONE WHEN I SAT ON THE HOTEL PORCH AND THOUGHT BLACK THOUGHTS, SHE CAME PUSSY-FOOTING UP TO ME AGAIN. "HI, LEE," SHE BEGAN - BUT I'D HAD ENOUGH.

"NOW LOOK, JEN," I SAID, "I'M TIRED; LEAVE ME ALONE. I DON'T WANT ANY MORE OF YOUR LIP. JUST GO AWAY, WILL YOU?" I TRIED TO IGNORE HER, BUT FIVE-FOOT-TWO SEEMED TO GROW BIGGER AND BIGGER AS SHE STOOD IN FRONT OF ME.

"YOU'RE TIRED?" SHE SAID INCREDULOUSLY. "TIRED? DOING NOTHING ALL DAY BUT RIDING AROUND LIKE A QUEEN, POINTEDLY IGNORING EVERYBODY IN FAVOR OF HUGGING CLOSER YOUR NICE WARM, SOGGY SELF-PITY? NUTS!" SHE TURNED AND STALKED OFF AND I WAS GLAD TO SEE HER GO.

SHE DIDN'T COME BACK, EITHER. I BEGAN TO WONDER IF SHE'D DROWNED. GOOD RIDDANCE, I THOUGHT, DETERMINED TO ENJOY ONCE AGAIN MY HARD-WON SOLITUDE. BUT SOLITUDE CAN GET ON YOUR NERVES. I FOUND THAT IT WASN'T AS ENJOYABLE AS IT ONCE HAD BEEN. MY OLD FRIEND CAME TO SEE ME AS ALWAYS, BUT WHEN HE WAS GONE THE THINGS THAT ONCE HAD FILLED MY DAYS WERE THE THINGS THAT NOW MADE THEM MORE EMPTY. REGRET, REMORSE, OLD LOVE, NO MATTER HOW BEAUTIFUL, BECOME BITTERER THE MORE THEY'RE CHEWED OVER. I HAD GOTTEN ALL THE GOOD OUT OF THEM THAT THEY HAD TO OFFER. WHERE DID I GO FROM THERE?

I BEGAN WISHING AUGUST WERE NEARER. THE WEATHER HAD TURNED AND I WAS SICK OF CONSTANT SUN AND OF SITTING ON THE BEACH WATCHING THE WAVES THAT I COULDN'T SWIM IN; OF SEEING COUPLES WALKING FOR MILES UP THE WARM SAND UNTIL THEY WERE LOST TO MY VIEW; OF WATCHING PEOPLE, PEOPLE ALL AROUND ME, MOVING FREELY, QUICKLY, UNCONSCIOUS OF THE PRECIOUS GIFT OF MOTION THEY POSSESSED.

AND THEN ONE DAY, JEN CAME BACK. SHE WALKED TOWARD ME ACROSS THE SAND. I WAS DOUBTFUL AS TO WHETHER I WANTED TO SEE HER AGAIN. "WELL," I SAID, "SO YOU'RE BACK."

"HI, LEE," SHE SAID. SHE LOOKED VERY MUCH SUBDUED. ODD, I THOUGHT. WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH HER?

"HELLO, PEST," I SAID, NOT TOO CORDIALLY. SHE SEEMED TO WINCE A LITTLE. I WAS ENJOYING THIS. "ARE YOU STILL SUCH A DAMNED GAD-FLY?" I ASKED, WAITING TO SEE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT. "WHY DID YOU BOTHER ME LIKE THAT?"

"BECAUSE I LOVE YOU, YOU IDIOT!" SHE BURST OUT WITH THAT ASTOUNDING STATEMENT, THEN TURNED AND RAN AWAY OVER THE SCORCHING SAND.

"JEN! JEN!" I TRIED TO MAKE MY CHAIR MOVE, BUT I COULDN'T BUDGE IT ALONE. SOMEONE ALWAYS BROUGHT ME DOWN TO THE BEACH AND TOOK ME BACK TO THE HOTEL. I WAS BESIDE MYSELF. SHE HAD RUN FROM ME AND I COULDN'T FOLLOW. OH, JEN, WISE LITTLE JEN. WHAT HAD I DONE TO HER?

I CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP THAT NIGHT AND ALTHOUGH IT DIDN'T HELP THE SITUATION ANY, IT CLEARED SOME OF THE COBWEBS FROM MY WILFUL, MUDDLED BRAIN. THE FIRST THING I HAD TO DO WAS FIND JEN AGAIN. I TRUNDLED ALL OVER THAT BLASTED HOTEL BUT I DIDN'T SURPRISE HER ANYWHERE. SHE HAD EVAPORATED. I SAT FOR HOURS WATCHING THE PEOPLE AND HOPING I'D CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THAT IMP. BUT SHE WAS TOO SMART FOR THAT. SHE WAS LETTING ME STEW IN MY OWN JUICE FOR A WHILE. AT THE END OF THE SECOND DAY OF NO JEN, I WAS READY TO GO DOWN ON MY KNEES BEFORE HER, FIGURATIVELY AT LEAST.

SHE DIDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE FOR A BIG SCENE EVEN THEN. I GUESS SHE'D HAD MORE THAN ENOUGH OF MY NEGATIVE HISTRIONICS. THE NEXT MORNING WHEN I RANG AS USUAL FOR ONE OF THE STAFF TO ASSIST ME INTO MY CHAIR, JEN APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY, FIXING ME WITH A QUIZZICAL EYE. I WAS SLEEPY AND GRUMPY AND CAUGHT COMPLETELY OFF GUARD.

"GOOD MORNING, MISS," SHE SAID WITH A LOPSIDED GRIN.

"JEN!" I GASPED - AND THE REUNION WAS MARVELOUS TO BEHOLD. JEN LOCKED THE DOOR AFTER HERSELF, THOUGH, SO NO ONE BEHELD ANYTHING.

WE WERE BUSY TOGETHER AT A THOUSAND THINGS EVERY DAY AFTER THAT AND AUGUST RUSHED TOWARD US MUCH TOO FAST. I DISCOVERED THAT JEN WAS A NURSE - WHICH I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED FROM THE HARD-BOILED WAY SHE HAD PLAYED WITH MY FEELINGS. SHE NEVER RESORTED TO THAT MANNER AGAIN, THOUGH. SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO; WE WERE TOO MUCH IN LOVE.

JEN SET HERSELF THE IMPOSSIBLE TASK OF MAKING ME WALK AGAIN. "I KNOW WE CAN DO IT, LEE," SHE SAID VEHEMENTLY, AND SHE STARTED ME ON A REGIME THAT PUT ME BACK IN GOOD HEALTH AND SPIRITS IN NO TIME. SHE TOOK ME DOWN TO THE BEACH AND WE STAYED FOR HOURS WHILE SHE WENT SWIMMING AND I SOAKED UP THE SUN. SHE PERSUADED ME TO LEAVE MY CHAIR, A CHANGE THAT PUT ME AMONG THE LIVING AGAIN. SHE'D PILE PILLOWS AT MY BACK AND THE WARM SOFT SAND FELT SO GOOD ALL AROUND ME, I'D WATCH HER PLAYING IN THE WAVES WITHOUT A SHADOW OF DISCON-

TENT IN MY HEART. THE INABILITY TO WALK SOMEHOW LOST ITS VAST SIGNIFICANCE. I HAD JEN. HOW COULD I BE UNHAPPY FOR LONG?

WHEN MY MOTHER AND DAD RETURNED FOR ME, THEY FOUND A RENEWED DAUGHTER. THEY WERE GLAD, TOO, TO WELCOME JEN, BELIEVING THAT SHE HAD DONE ME TREMENDOUS GOOD. SHE HAD, BUT NOT EXACTLY IN THE WAY THEY IMAGINED. I WAS LOATH TO RETURN TO THE TOWN HOUSE TO LIVE AS I HAD SINCE THE ACCIDENT. I COULDN'T HURT MY PARENTS WHO HAD BEEN SO GOOD TO ME, BUT NEITHER COULD I LIVE IN THE SAME HOUSE WITH JEN AND NOT SHOW HER MY LOVE. THAT KIND OF STRENGTH IS RESERVED FOR SAINTS, NOT SINNERS.

THERE WAS SOME PARENTAL OPPOSITION TO MY DECISION TO LIVE AWAY FROM HOME, BUT JEN, WITHOUT SAYING VERY MUCH, QUIETLY TURNED THE TIDE IN OUR FAVOR. "WE KNOW YOU'LL BE IN GOOD HANDS, DEAR," MY MOTHER SAID THE DAY WE LEFT FOR THE LITTLE APARTMENT THAT JEN HAD FOUND.

* * * * *

I'M STILL IN THOSE GOOD HANDS AND ALTHOUGH I CAN'T WALK YET, JEN IS DETERMINED THAT I SHALL, SOME DAY. SHE'S ALWAYS RIGHT BY MY SIDE, SCOLDING AND TEASING AND LOVING ME AS HARD AS I LOVE HER. SHE'S A GREAT BELIEVER IN THE PSYCHIC COMPONENT OF DISEASE, AND SOMETIMES I'M CLOSE TO BELIEVING IN IT AS WHOLEHEARTEDLY AS SHE.

AND SOMETIMES, WHEN I GET DISCOURAGED BY ALL THE HARD WORK THAT GOES ON OVER THOSE INERT LEGS, I REACH UP AND PULL JEN'S CURLY HEAD DOWN TO MINE, FOR THE PSYCHIC IMPACT OF A KISS IS THE MOST POTENT THERAPY I KNOW.

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The Homosexual as Seen by the Marriage Counselor

by Mrs. Lee R. Steiner, Psychologist

The marriage counselor faces as daily fare the so-called battle of the sexes. If she (or he) is attempting to understand the dynamics involved, she is faced with the dilemma of functioning in a profession where anyone can be an authority because no one is. If we are to function as true scientists we still need some validated data regarding what masculinity is; what femininity is; what the normal limits of each are; what a desirable blend is. In essence, the blend is marriage.

Every ethical marriage counselor confesses the lack of true data here. And we all confess that the various psychological professions have developed cliches of one sort or another to cover this lack of data. We speak of personality as being the "whole you." We also realize that our grandmothers knew that. In counseling we teach the need to compromise, the need to accept the mate for what he is, the need to love, the need to be unselfish, etc. Much of this is a sort of codification of the Sermon on the Mount, probably because many of our best marriage counselors are ministers.

I make this preliminary statement not to excuse my ignorance but rather to define it. And just so that I shall function as a psychologist is expected to, I shall cite you a case, from which I might digress for clarification of my point of view. Let me tell you very briefly about Mr. and Mrs. Brown:

She is 32; small; boyish - which means slight hips and bosom. Her problem is that she is depressed. Her marriage and life in general bore her. She resents her husband's pettiness and his constant criticism, especially regarding what he calls neatness. Everything must be neat at all times. Not a magazine must be out of place. And

since neatness has little meaning to her she is continuously receiving long dissertations on her slovenly nature. It's gotten so that she dreads to see him come home. No, she does not wish a divorce. For six years she earned her own living as a stenographer. That was enough of that. Far better her husband's tirades and her life of semi-indolence.

Then there was the sex trouble. Not really trouble - there was no sex. Just none at all. Her husband blamed her. He told her that before marriage his sex life had been a very active one. But she had no appeal. When they first married he had made a great effort, but she could not achieve vaginal orgasm. It was necessary to achieve clitoral orgasm. For this he soon lost enthusiasm. In her effort to reawaken his interest she tried all the slick-magazine advice on how to hold a man. She dressed in the most seductive slumber attire, properly scented. But his response was merely to roll over and promptly go to sleep.

What did she want me to do? First of all, get her husband to quit criticizing her household habits. And could I get him to want a sex life? When I asked why, she replied that she didn't know exactly. Wasn't it terribly abnormal for a couple not to have sex relations?

Her experience with sex was not involved. She had had a deep crush on her roommate all of her four years of college. On occasion they would crawl into bed with each other and stimulate each other to orgasm. But most of the time it was just a very real and meaningful relationship. Before marriage she had tried sex with four different men. All of them had been clitoral stimulation because of her fear of pregnancy. In marriage she found that she preferred clitoral stimulation. When she first found that her husband did not find her attractive she tried one affair. But she still could not achieve a vaginal orgasm. And anyway, sex did not mean much to her. She was really interested in a sex life with her husband to keep him from straying. As far as she was concerned, really and deeply, she didn't miss it too much. What desires she had she could satisfy with occasional masturbation.

(Continued on Page 12)

About the author

LEE R. STEINER IS A CERTIFIED PSYCHOLOGIST, MARRIAGE COUNSELLOR, AUTHOR, LECTURER AND BROADCASTER. FOR THE PAST 13 YEARS SHE HAS BEEN PRODUCER AND MODERATOR OF THE WEVD UNIVERSITY OF THE AIR FORUM, "PSYCHOLOGICALLY SPEAKING," WHICH HAS THREE TIMES WON THE OHIO STATE AWARD FOR EDUCATIONAL RADIO AND TELEVISION. A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO REPRESENTATIVES OF DOB AND THE MATTACHINE SOCIETY IN NEW YORK APPEARED ON THE PROGRAM IN A PANEL DISCUSSION OF "SHOULD THE HOMOSEXUAL MARRY?"

THE ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE WAS PRESENTED AS A SPEECH FOR THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEW YORK MATTACHINE SOCIETY ON DEC. 13, 1958.

A REVIEW OF MRS. STEINER'S DISCERNING BOOK, UNDERSTANDING JUVENILE DELINQUENCY, APPEARED IN THE DECEMBER, 1960 LADDER.

(Continued from page 10)

When I talked with Mr. Brown he blamed his wife for his own lack of desire. To prove his point he told in detail of his exciting life prior to marriage. One found on careful questioning that the most meaningful relationship had been with an officer in France during the war. Like his wife, he had had occasional homosexual relationships with this one man, but afterwards his sex life had been purely heterosexual. The significant fact seemed to me to be that all of the women with whom he had had this joyous sex life had been extremely aggressive and experienced women, with whom he needed merely to cooperate. He, too, had sampled an extra-marital relationship since his marriage just to prove to himself that he was adequate. Why does he not wish sex relations with his wife? Because it's so dull. She's just there. He must do all the work.

With only this much of the case most of you who are psychologically oriented would conclude that here we have two latent homosexual individuals trying to live on a heterosexual level. But do we have enough data for such an assumption? This is a Freudian conclusion, and for some reason Freudianism has made the deepest impression of all theories upon American society. It could be that since we are an affluent society, we can enjoy the indulgences of psychoanalysis. It may be that the Freudians have been the most active proselyters. Or it could be that Freudianism is one of the few complete theories of personality in all its ramifications. Whatever the reason, the diagnosis in current psychological parlance would be frigidity and impotence on the basis of latent homosexuality. The cure, of necessity, would be psychoanalysis which would aim either to cure them or to help them to live happily as homosexuals.

But whether the practitioner recognizes or not that these are Freudian concepts, they have permeated professional thinking. Let me quote from a small magazine published by a pharmaceutical house (1) specifically for the education of physicians. The writer is a psychiatrist, the director of a division of psychosomatic obstetrics and gynecology in one of our best medical schools. He says:

"Frigidity as we see it today is an outgrowth of a woman's running away from her biological destiny, which is to be a wife, mother and homemaker. It reflects her refusal to take the role of passive homemaker. Instead, she is seeking gratification elsewhere by competing with men . . . This attitude is largely the end product of the so-called feminine emancipation movement . . . A woman can be an atomic scientist; she can fly planes; she can be a soldier in the army . . . Few succeed (however) because this is not the destiny of women . . . The majority of women in America today cannot have an orgasm because of their aggressive tendencies. They are unwilling to become dependent upon their husbands. They themselves want to pursue the sex act. They want to feel as aggressive as men . . . As she becomes more forward in her demands, she is likely to find a suddenly impotent husband on her hands . . . Many a woman will pursue a man, acutally to seduce him into marriage, only to find that after a few months or a year sexual activity with him has become distasteful. She reaches the point where she looks upon her passive husband with nothing but contempt. . . ."

So here we have a complete theory for the Brown case. The cure? The family physicians, for whom this magazine is written, are advised to try some homey remedies. Maybe the husband can be made more considerate in the act. Maybe they can learn to compromise. "It may not provide a magnificent happy marriage, but the general average in America is not ideally happy. People seem to be content if they're not too miserable."

Should this, then, be the aim of marriage counseling - to help people to be not too miserable? Maybe it is. Marriage counseling, as a profession, is not an entity. There is at the moment not even a well-established professional group to set standards. The National Council on Family Relations has recently established a division on marriage counseling. Since many of its members are academic people, we might derive some research from them. The only other group is organized as a private club and consists of lawyers, judges, obstetricians, gynecologists, psychologists, social workers, psychiatrists, and anyone else who practices marriage counseling. As yet, each of us expresses his own opinion. So I state frankly that what I give you here is completely my own concept and techniques.

I, personally, do not agree with this psychiatrist's definition of the role of women in 1960. It might have been in upper middle class Vienna of 1890, from which the Freudian concepts are derived. But that was 70 years ago. I have the feeling that we have need to be less static about the relationship of the sexes - about what consititutes masculinity and femininity and what are the limits of each.

Again, may I cite a case as illustration. (Cases, of course, prove nothing. They are used merely to simplify.) A blind woman came to see me, escorted by her 19-year-old son. She told me that she had sensed that his friends were homosexual. He had denied it. Would I speak with him and let her know? Alone with me, the lad made no effort to conceal the truth. However, the fact that he was a homosexual is not the important issue here. It was his appearance. He was dainty, delicate, very beautiful and blond. He would have looked stunning in white chiffon.

As scientists we must at once ask ourselves, how masculine is he? If an endocrinologist were to examine him there would doubtless be no evidence as to which direction he veers. Anatomically, he is obviously male. In relation to our current, cultural stereotype, however, he is definitely un-male. In fact, our stereotype is difficult for many males to fit.

In Study of this subject made by Mrs. Helen Mayer Hacker, sociologist, (2) we find that our society has given the male of the species almost an impossible role to fill. He is conceived of as large and brawny, and ruthless in his progress to success. As a son, before his marriage, he is obedient, docile and submissive with his parents, but even then he is aggressive and competitive with his peers. As a husband, he must be the sturdy, protective, supportive oak, aggressive in sex but with delicate consideration of every nuance of his sexual mate, to awaken her with proper techniques at just the exact moment to the most exhilarating of all ecstasies.

If this, then, is the accepted pattern, could we wonder that the delicate flower this mother brought to me would not be able to identify with it in any way. He would not

have to be organically homosexual to prefer the relationship to men in order to avoid a role he could never even expect to proximate. But instead of admitting that the concept is at fault, a good many practitioners blame the good old scapegoat - woman. It's her fault. She has rendered the male impotent. But where else could the young man whose case I have cited find comforting love in a sex life? The woman who would be his lover would be regarded as a psychopath who is living with a son.

The cliches regarding feminine goals of behavior are even more removed from actuality than are those of the male, because the stereotype extends to the type of interest she must have. The upper middle class Viennese female of 1890, with whom Freud had contact, was conforming to a narrow structure. How can we possibly use this as a measuring rod for our women?

Our education contradicts every tenet of such a theory. If we educate women in athletics can we brand them for being superb athletes? If a woman competes here with men she is branded as having "penis-envy" or "masculine protest" or being a homosexual. It would seem to me to be simpler to say that femininity is anything that females like to do. If we educate women in science can we criticize them for wanting to be scientists?

In a study made of the I.Q. level necessary for household tasks (3) it was found that some of them can be performed by women with an I.Q. of 60. Can we expect to permanently confine our Madame Curies to the kitchen in order that they may be considered femin? This is the dilemma of modern woman, living in an anti-female society that is growing more and more so. She still must often select between marriage and a career - which means that she lives with women rather than with men, whether she is or is not basically homosexual.

One additional cliche is that a mother cannot be both a career woman and a good mother. This, too, has been exploded in a study made at Columbia University (4). It was found that the working mother is actually more interested in the activities of her children than is often the housewife, who may grow weary of her constant life in these activities. Regardless of the efforts to confine

women to the concept of housewife, some 29 million women worked in 1957 (5) and about 13½ million either worked at part-time jobs or worked at full-time jobs for half of the year or less - and a great many of them were married - and many of them remained married and made excellent mothers.

One seemingly logical explanation for the anti-femalism in our culture is that if the male lives up to the highly artifical goals which the culture has given the concept of being male, he must have a passive female as a counterpart, else the role becomes too much for him to fulfill. This is very hard on both men and women. Would it not be easier to have some valid data as to what is femininity and masculinity? I am sure that all social scientists would agree that we need such a search.

So, let us return to Mr. & Mrs. Brown. We have here a classical case, if we wish to use it, of latent homosexuality as the basis of frigidity and impotence. I prefer, however, to use Kinsey's concept - that all of us have varying degrees of many traits, including sex drive. For some, the drive is not great enough to warrant the exertion of ironing out difficulties and incompatibilities, if they are great.

For Mrs. Brown this is not too serious, since our culture places a premium on the woman who is passive, who is the receptor, who places the burden on the male to stimulate her to orgasm. But for Mr. Brown, who seems to be a male of low biological drive, the burden is more difficult. When he had an aggressive female to lead, he could enjoy sex relations. He, too, is passive. But our culture does not permit him to be. So he blames the female. Perhaps this case is not complicated at all. Perhaps we have two individuals of low sexual energy whose relationship can never be more than lukewarm. If so, what can be done for them?

I do not lay any claims to my counseling being scientific. It grows out of my attitudes and experiences. Perhaps one might say that it is strictly Steinerian.

Regarding his nagging her for the perfect home, I pointed out that these compulsions are his - not hers - and that

each of us should be slaves to our own compulsions, should we care to retain them. As for her lack of interest in housework, there is nothing essentially feminine about housework. When we boil it down to specific tasks, most of them are considered masculine in industry: dishwashing, floor polishing, furniture polishing, cooking, laundry machine attendant, electrical repairman, fireman, snow-shoveler, purchasing agent, chauffeur, etc., etc. Only a few of the tasks would be considered feminine endeavors by industry: dressmaking, dietician, nurse. But for each of these jobs there are varying aptitudes, and it is nonsense to say that a woman has aptitude and interest in these tasks merely because she is a woman.

In Mrs. Brown we have the typical example of a woman of high I.Q. and education who is stagnating and bored. A great contradiction is that she has a vital interest in children but wants none of her own. Here, too, we run into a familiar cliche - the normal man and woman must have a deep desire for children. I question this. On what would we base such an assumption? Is it abnormal not to want to bring forth children? Mrs. Brown gives a reason that sounds plausible. She says that there is too much misery in the world to want to bring a child to suffer it. She would rather try to alleviate the misery of those children already here. Some might conclude that this is a rationalization. Might we not equally say that it is a rationalization to want to question this seemingly intelligent reply? I would know of no authority by which to answer this.

What Mrs. Brown and I finally worked out was that she could earn enough as a stenographer two days a week to hire someone to relieve her of the drudgery she called housework and to keep the house in the condition her orderly husband wanted. For the rest of the time she returned to school to train herself for professional life as a nursery school teacher. At least she would be using her potentialities for some social good.
But we still have left the sex problem unsolved. Or have we? It would seem to me that about all we can ask of these two is that they be good friends and that on those occasions when one or the other happens to have some desire they try to stimulate the other to action. We have

no basis to believe that sex can ever be a great and exhilarating experience for either of them.

But let us say that we adhere to the current theory that these two are basically homosexual. What then? Do we cure them? I wouldn't know. I don't know anything in the literature that has conclusive data as to what homosexuality consists of - so how can I cure it? It is like the current literature on preventing mental illness. If we don't know what causes it how can we prevent it? If Mr. and Mrs. Brown can live relaxed and productive lives, that is about all a marriage counselor can do for them. As they live, they'll learn. Maybe they'll develop some more powerful sex drives. Maybe then they'll have a need for a basic sex adjustment. If not, they can live peacefully as roommates, whereas before they were tearing at each other's personality, expecting things they had no right to expect from the other.

You might ask, would my handling of the case have been any different if Mr. and Mrs. Brown had been practicing homosexuals? I don't believe so. All any counselor can do, with our present limited knowledge, is to help two people to understand and accept each other. The larger issues await research. We don't know the ramifications of homosexuality in terms that we can do anything definite and positive about. That, my readers, is your problem. You are the building blocks upon which such research would be built. You are the ones who must initiate, carry on and publish such research. You have the virgin soil with which to work. As far as I am aware, you have no competition. You have no true data with which to compete.

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(1) Mandy, Dr. Arthur J.; STATE OF MIND, Feb., 1958, published by Ciba, "Frigidity and Femininity."
(2) Hacker, Mrs. Helen Mayer; in a broadcast on "Psychologically Speaking," WEVD University of the Air, Jan. 16, 1958. Based on an article in MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIVING, Aug., 1958, "New Burdens of Masculinity."
(3) Hartley, Dr. Ruth E.; ibid. for Jan. 23, 1958. Based on "Special Research Project on Development of Women's Roles," Columbia University (as yet unpublished).
(4) Ibid.
(5) "What's New About Women Workers"; U.S. Department of Labor Leaflet #18, revised 1958.

Another Author Heard From...

PAULA CHRISTIAN, AUTHOR OF EDGE OF TWILIGHT (SEE LESBIANA, LADDER, FEBRUARY 1959) RECENTLY WROTE TO US, AND WE ASKED HER FOR SOME BACKGROUND MATERIAL CONCERNING HERSELF AND HER PURPOSE IN WRITING ON THE LESBIAN THEME. HERE IS WHAT SHE HAD TO SAY:

THROUGH MY OWN EXPERIENCE AT FAWCETT, IT SHOULD BE UNDERSTOOD THAT A PUBLISHER (WITH THE MORAL CHARACTER OF A NATION IN MIND) CANNOT ALLOW THIS THEME TO BE PROMOTED AS SOMETHING TO BE ADMIRED AND DESIRED. NOR CAN A PUBLISHER IN THE PAPERBACK FIELD EXPECT THE GENERAL PUBLIC TO ACCEPT A TRULY SOPHISTICATED TREATMENT WHERE THERE IS NO JUSTIFICATION FOR THIS "DEVIATION" WITH A GREAT DEAL OF WHY'S, WHEREFORE'S AND "WE HATE OURSELVES BUT WHAT CAN WE DO." THIS MAY ACCOUNT FOR MISS ALDRICH'S TREATMENT IN HER BOOKS, BUT I'LL ADMIT I HAVE FELT THAT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE ACCURATE IF SHE HAD MADE A POINT TO INSERT THAT MANY HOMOSEXUALS LIVE QUIET, UNASSUMING AND RESPONSIBLE LIVES.

FOR INSTANCE, I WOULD BE VERY EMBARRASSED TO HAVE TO TELL MY PARENTS THAT I AM A LESBIAN AND HAVE ONLY MISS ALDRICH'S BOOKS TO SHOW THEM AS REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LESBIAN WAY OF LIFE.

WHICH BRINGS ME TO MY OWN APPROACH TO E OF T. IF I HEAR ANOTHER LESBIAN WHINE ABOUT WHY THIS WORLD IS SO CRUEL, OR THE I-CAN'T-HELP-IT-ATTITUDE, I THINK I'LL JOIN MISS ALDRICH'S SIDE OF THE FENCE. YET (IN MY MORE COMPASSIONATE MOMENTS) THESE ARE PRECISELY THE WOMEN WHO NEED THE MOST UNDERSTANDING AND EDUCATION ... AS DO THEIR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS.

I WAS SO VERY SICK OF THIS BREAST-BEATING, BEAD-COUNTING UNDERTONE IN CURRENT LESBIAN NOVELS THAT I WANTED TO TRY TO WRITE A NOVEL WHICH DIDN'T ATTEMPT TO SAY WHY, ONLY WHAT IS WITHOUT SOUNDING LIKE A CLUSTER OF EMOTIONALLY DISTURBED OR RETARDED TEEN-AGERS HUDDLING AGAINST THE SNOWBALLS OF SOCIETY.

YES, I WROTE ANOTHER BOOK CALLED ANOTHER KIND OF LOVE WHICH FAWCETT PURCHASED A YEAR AGO. THEY HAVE NOT AS YET PUBLISHED IT; NOR IS IT EVEN SCHEDULED IMMEDIATELY. THIS SECOND BOOK (IF I MAY SAY

SO) IS MUCH BETTER WRITTEN THAN THE FIRST. PLEASE KEEP IN MIND THAT I AM A NOVICE WHO SORT OF "FELL INTO" THIS PSEUDO-CAREER OF WRITING BOOKS. I'VE HAD A GOOD DEAL TO LEARN AND TAKE NO SMALL AMOUNT OF PRIDE IN MY OWN THICK-SKULLED PROGRESS.

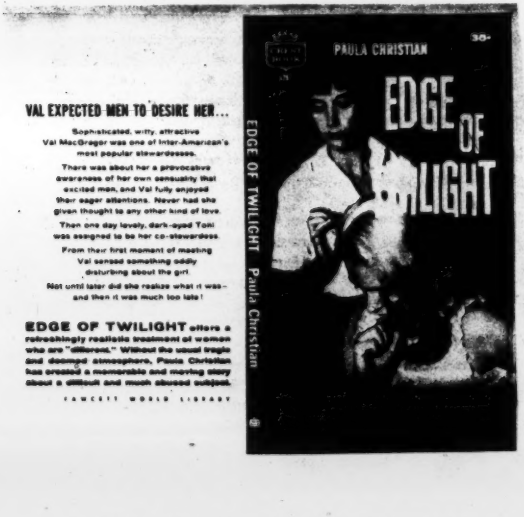
ABOUT THE ONLY WAY OF GETTING ANY ACTION FOR THE PUBLICATION OF THIS SECOND BOOK WOULD BE IF READERS WOULD WRITE IN AND ASK FOR MORE BOOKS WRITTEN BY "YOURS (BLUSHING) TRULY." BUT THIS I FEAR IS ASKING TOO MUCH OF ANYONE.

AS FOR INFORMATION ABOUT MYSELF, THERE'S NOT ENOUGH TO SUMMARIZE AND TOO MUCH TO GO INTO DETAIL. I'M ANOTHER HUMAN BEING TRYING TO GET ALONG IN THE WORLD, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE. ACTUALLY, THE BACKGROUND AND GENERAL INFORMATION IN E OF T WAS (FOR THE MOST PART) BIOGRAPHICAL WITH ADDITIONS AND DELETIONS FOR THE SAKE OF DRAMATIC IMPACT.

I CONFESS I AM NOT A DEDICATED LESBIAN. THAT IS, ONE WHO THINKS THIS IS THE ONLY WAY OF LIFE, THAT THE REST OF THE WORLD CAN GO JUMP IN THE LAKE; NOR ONE WHO WISHES TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR THE NEXT GENERATION OF HOMOSEXUALS. I WOULD PREFER IT IF PSYCHIATRY COULD LEARN ENOUGH ABOUT THE SUBJECT TO HELP THOSE OF US WHO DO NOT BELIEVE HOMOSEXUALITY IS THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS. EVEN AS IT EASIER TO DEAL WITH LIFE IF YOU ARE WHITE INSTEAD OF NEGRO, CHRISTIAN INSTEAD OF JEWISH, OR ANY OTHER KIND OF MINORITY, IT WOULD BE SIMPLER TO BE WHAT SOCIETY IMPOSES AS "NORMAL" AND BE DELIGHTED TO HAVE A HUSBAND AND BABIES WITH NO OTHER CONTRADICTORY THOUGHT EVER CLUTTERING THE BRAIN.

FOR MANY OF US, THIS IS NOT POSSIBLE, HOWEVER. IT IS THEREFORE OUR CROSS TO BEAR (NOT THE WORLD'S) AND I BELIEVE IT SHOULD BE BORNE WITH DIGNITY, INTEGRITY AND DISCRETION. THERE IS A TENDENCY AMONG MANY HOMOSEXUALS - AT LEAST, WITHIN MY OWN AREA OF FRIENDS - TO MAKE THIS STATE THE APEX OF THEIR EXISTENCE, TO THINK OF NOTHING ELSE AND LIVE ONLY FOR THE EXPRESSION OF A SEX PREFERENCE. IT IS PERHAPS THIS TRAIT WHICH HAS GIVEN US THE REPUTATION OF BEING IRRESPONSIBLE. THERE ARE OTHER THINGS IN LIFE IF WE CAN OPEN OUR INTERESTS ENOUGH TO ENABLE US TO PLACE THE SEXUAL ASPECT OF LIFE IN ITS PROPER PROPORTION TO THE WHOLE OF THE INDIVIDUAL. PERHAPS A BETTER WAY TO PUT IT WOULD BE THAT SO MANY LESBIANS SEEM TO MAKE AN ABSOLUTE <u>PROFESSION</u> OUT OF IT TO THE EXCLUSION OF ALL ELSE.

BUT I DO BELIEVE IN WHAT YOU ARE TRYING TO DO. I DO THINK THAT A MUCH GREATER UNDERSTANDING CAN BE BROUGHT TO THE HETEROSEXUAL WORLD ...BUT ONLY THROUGH OUR OWN FAITH IN OURSELVES AND THE LIVING DOWN OF THE MISINFORMATION WHICH HAS PRECEDED US. I HOPE YOUR ORGANIZATION CAN HELP TO BRING THIS ABOUT. BUT I DO NOT ENVY YOU YOUR TASK. YOU WILL BE FOUGHT BY THE VERY PEOPLE YOU ARE TRYING TO HELP. IT IS VERY HUMAN TO EXPECT DOB TO JUSTIFY AND EXCUSE RATHER THAN TO ENCOURAGE A REVISED SELF-OPINION AND ATTITUDE TOWARD THE SOCIETY WE LIVE IN SINCE MUCH OF THE HOMOSEXUAL STATE SEEMS TO BE A REBELLION AGAINST THIS SAME SOCIETY.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There was about her a provocative awareness of her own sensuality that excited men, and Val fully enjoyed their eager attentions. Never had she given thought to any other kind of love.
Then one day lovely, dark-eyed Toni was assigned to be her co-stewardess.
From their first moment of meeting Val sensed something oddly disturbing about the girl.
Not until later did she realize what it was— and then it was much too late!
EDGE OF TWILIGHT offers a refreshingly realistic treatment of women who are "different." Without the usual tragic and doomed atmosphere, Paula Christian has created a memorable and moving story about a difficult and much abused subject.
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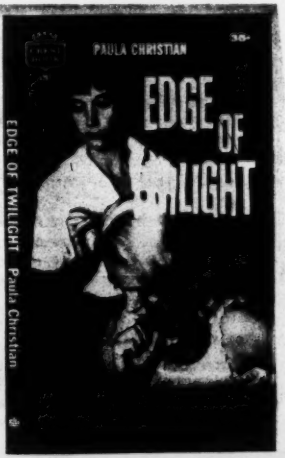

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LESBIANA

BY GENE DAMON

164. DROLES DE GENS BY PHYLLIS BOTTOME, SHORT STORY IN WALLS OF GLASS, VANGUARD, 1958-59.

165. STREETS AND SHADOWS BY MERCEDES DE ACOSTA. MOFFAT & YARD, NEW YORK, 1922.

S SLIM VOLUME OF VERSE, TECHNICALLY IMPERFECT BUT SUBJECTIVELY VERY REWARDING. OF PARTICULAR INTEREST - "REST" AND "LOST IDEAL."

166. THE TREND IS UP BY ANTHONY WEST. RANDOM HOUSE, 1960.

ONE OF THE "NEW TREND" NOVELS IN WHICH BOTH MALE AND FEMALE HOMOSEXUALS PLAY IMPORTANT ROLES AND ARE PRESENTED WITHOUT PREJUDICE. EXCELLENT WRITING AND IMPORTANT CRITICAL ATTENTION MARK THIS AS ONE OF THE BETTER NOVELS OF THE YEAR. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

167. MEET MARILYN BY SLOANE M. BRITAIN. MIDWOOD TOWER, 1960.

INTERWOVEN PLOT WITH MANY CHARACTERS INCLUDES A HIGHLY CONSTRUCTIVE LESBIAN RELATIONSHIP WHICH EMPHASIZES PERMANENCE AND RELIABILITY IN PERSONAL LIFE. THE LOVE BETWEEN MARILYN AND LIZA IS WELL TOLD AND EVENLY BALANCED WITH THE REST OF THE BOOK. SYMPATHETIC WITHOUT MAUDLIN APPROACH - AND ONE OF THE BETTER PAPERBACK TREATMENTS.

168. THE DOUBLE VIEW BY CHANDLER BROSSARD. DIAL PRESS, 1960.

VERY "FAR OUT" NOVEL ABOUT PEOPLE LOST IN THEIR OWN PERSONAL HELLS. BOTH MALE AND FEMALE HOMOSEXUALS ARE PRESENTED. AVANT GARDE.

READERS RESPOND

"CHEERS FOR THE BEST ISSUE OF THE LADDER (JAN. 1961) WHICH I HAVE YET SEEN - AND LET ME, MOST EMPHATICALLY AGREE WITH YOUR EDITORIAL. WE DON'T NEED A 'BILL OF RIGHTS FOR HOMOSEXUALS' - WE NEED A DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS; THE RIGHTS OF ALL PEOPLE, WHATEVER THEIR LOVE LIFE, TO LIVE TO THE FULLEST PROVIDED THEY CAUSE NO HARM TO ANYONE ELSE.

"I WOULD PARAPHRASE THE FAMOUS PHRASE ABOUT STATES RIGHTS AND SAY: HOMOSEXUALS HAVE NO RIGHTS; ONLY PEOPLE HAVE RIGHTS. EVERY INDIVIDUAL HAS HIS OWN RIGHTS, BE HE A HOMOSEXUAL, A NEGRO, A QUAKER, OR A MEMBER OF EVERY MAJORITY GROUP INCLUDING THE ROTARY CLUB AND THE MIDDLE CLASS. (I KNOW A FEW HOMOSEXUALS WHO HAVE VIRTUALLY DEVOTED THEMSELVES TO STAMPING OUT HETEROSEXUALITY!)

"VALERIE TAYLOR'S LONG ARTICLE WAS THE SORT OF THING YOU SHOULD PUBLISH MORE OF - GRANTED THAT YOU COULD GET IT; I IMAGINE SUCH ARTICLES ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN. I FOUND MYSELF SAYING 'YES, YES, YES' ON EVERY PAGE - PARTICULARLY TO THE ONE REMARK SHE MADE ABOUT BISEXUALS WHO 'CONCEAL THEIR NATURES BECAUSE THEY GET HELL FROM BOTH SIDES.' INDEED YES. SINCE WRITING THE TWO 'BORDERLAND' ARTICLES, THE FEW PEOPLE WHO KNOW MY IDENTITY HAVE BEEN ENCOURAGING ME WITH ALL THEIR HEARTS, BLESS THEM, TO COME OUT OF HIDING AND LIVE FREELY AS A HOMOSEXUAL - QUITE MISSING THE POINT OF THE ENTIRE ARTICLE, THAT FOR PEOPLE OF THIS PARTICULAR SORT, EXCLUSIVE HOMOSEXUAL ORIENTATION IS JUST AS IMPOSSIBLE AS THE LIFE OF THE GOOD HOMEY HAUSFRAU! OR ELSE THEY QUITE MISS THE POINT AND ASSUME THAT I AM PERPETUALLY GRIPPED BY AN INSANE DESIRE TO PLUNGE INTO ORGIES OF THE TYPE DESCRIBED IN THE VARIOUS WORKS OF THE SHADY PRESS, MORE NOTABLE FOR QUANTITY AND DIVERSITY OF PARTICIPANTS THAN FOR ANY QUALITIES OF EMOTION OR TENDER COMPANIONSHIP.

"I FELT SINCERE GRIEF AT HEARING OF THE DEATH OF DR. BAKER. THE LATE MARJORIE LIVINGSTON, SCHOLAR AND WRITER OF EXCELLENT HISTORICAL NOVELS, FIRST INTRODUCED ME TO HER; AND IT WAS THIS WHICH

EVENTUALLY BROUGHT ME INTO CONTACT WITH YOUR GROUP. I KNOW THE LOSS WE HAVE ALL SUFFERED. YET, SO TENUOUS ARE THESE LITTLE SPIDER THREADS OF HUMAN CONTACT, IT SEEMS LIKELY TO ME, AND I'M SURE DR. BAKER HERSELF WOULD HAVE BEEN THE FIRST TO SAY SO, THAT THE RIPPLES WHICH SHE STIRRED WILL, SOME DAY, RISE INTO A WAVE. AND SINCE NO DROP OF WATER CAN BE MOVED WITHOUT MOVING THE SEA, IT IS VERY LIKELY THAT THIS INVISIBLE TUG OF HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS WILL BRING OTHER HANDS AND HEARTS AND MINDS TO YOU, TO CARRY ON THE WORK SHE BEGAN.

"LET'S HAVE MORE ISSUES LIKE THIS, AND LESS FLABBY 'FICTION.'"

MIRIAM GARDNER, TEXAS

* * * * *

"WHAT A FINE IDEA TO PRINT ABIGAIL SANFORD'S TRANSLATION OF THE PROUST SELECTION! (THE LADDER, DEC., 1960) COULD WE NOT HAVE A LITTLE NOTE IN THE NEAR FUTURE INFORMING THE CURIOUS READER OF ITS BACKGROUND? IS THIS THE ONLY ENGLISH TRANSLATION? IF NOT, WHERE ELSE HAS IT APPEARED? IS THIS A PIECE ALREADY WELL KNOWN TO READERS OF FRENCH, OR IS IT A 'FIND'?

"JUDGING BY THE DATE GIVEN, IT MUST HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY A 22-YEAR OLD PROUST. IS THIS READER MISTAKEN IN SEEING IN IT A MORE OUTSPOKEN DEFENSE OF THE MORALITY OF HOMOSEXUALITY THAN PROUST WAS LATER TO PUT INTO HIS MONUMENTAL WORK? ('HOW CAN WE CONDEMN HABITS WHICH SOCRATES ... SO CHEERFULLY SANCTIONED AMONG HIS CLOSE FRINEDS,' ETC.) PERHAPS THE TRANSLATOR WOULD SUPPLY US WITH HER COMMENTARY ON THE PIECE?

"SURELY THERE MUST BE OTHER READERS OF THE LADDER WHO WOULD WELCOME MORE SELECTIONS SUCH AS THIS! IF WE CANNOT ATTRACT VERY MUCH QUALITY FICTION, LET US AT LEAST HAVE TRANSLATIONS OR REPRINTS OF GREAT WRITERS OF THE PAST..."

E. A., CALIFORNIA

IT IS OUR UNDERSTANDING THAT MISS SANFORD TRANSLATED THE PROUST STORY ESPECIALLY FOR THE LADDER, AND IT IS, TO OUR KNOWLEDGE, THE ONLY SUCH TRANSLATION. PERHAPS MISS SANFORD CAN GIVE US SOME MORE BACKGROUND - AND SOME MORE TRANSLATIONS! -ED.

"JAY WALLACE'S 'LOCUST-YEARS' WAS A SIMPLY LOVELY STORY (IN YOUR CHRISTMAS ISSUE). SHE HAS CERTAINLY CAUGHT THE TYPE OF FEELINGS WHICH SURGE THROUGH A GAY WOMAN PAST THE AGE OF 35, WHO'S NOT NECESSARILY A 'GRANNY,' BUT IS AMONG THOSE WHO'VE ONLY DISCOVERED THEIR MOST IMPORTANT LEANINGS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"JAY HAS ALSO EXPRESSED MOST ACCURATELY, THROUGH CONNIE IN THIS STORY, THE TRUE INSIGNIFICANCE OF AGE, OR DIFFERENCE IN AGES, IN THE LESBIAN LIFE - SOMETHING A PERSON NEW IN THIS KIND OF LIFE DOES NOT REALIZE AT FIRST AND CAN BECOME QUITE CONCERNED ABOUT - UNNECESSARILY.

"I'D ENJOY MORE SHORT STORIES IN THIS VEIN AND CAN'T HELP FEELING THAT THERE ARE MANY MORE AMONG YOUR READERS WHO WOULD. JAY WALLACE IS TO BE COMMENDED FOR A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF FICTION SO REPRESENTATIVE OF THE TRUE FEELINGS IN REAL LIFE."

T. R., LOUISIANA

* * * * *

"NO SINGLE ISSUE OF THE LADDER HAS BEEN AS REWARDING TO ME PERSONALLY AS THIS VERY WONDERFUL JANUARY ISSUE.

"I AM SO VERY SORRY TO READ OF THE DEATH OF DR. BAKER. SHE WAS INDEED A BLESSED SOUL. WE HAVE LOST SO GOOD AN ARBITER AND FRIEND. THERE ARE NO WORDS ADEQUATE...

"YOUR EDITORIAL EXPRESSES MY VIEWS ENTIRELY, AND I WROTE TO ONE A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO TO THAT EFFECT.

"THE ARTICLE BY VALERIE TAYLOR IS MAGNIFICENT. I WOULD ENJOY SEEING MORE OF HER THOUGHTS IN PRINT."

B. G., KANSAS

---

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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RADCLYFFE HALL
By Lady Una Troubridge, London, 1961 - $5.00
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- THANK YOU, SANTA -

THE LADDER STAFF

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TO ALL THOSE FRIENDS WHO DONATED

THEIR SINGLE AND MULTIPLE DOLLARS

TO ITS CAUSE.

THANK YOU.

THANK YOU.

THANK YOU.

OH, THANK YOU.

MERCI.

DANKE.

GRACIAS, TOO!

YOU, TOO, CAN BE THE

OBJECT OF OUR GRATITUDE!

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